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Yesterday was when New Bernians not only felt down in the dumps at times, like you do now, but bought phonograph records that reflected their misery. Whatever was bugging them, there was a song to fit the situation.

In case you don't know what's ailing you, it could be you're suffering from Back Door Blues, Slaving Blues, B & O Blues, Baking Powder Blues, Black and Evil Blues, Little Brother Blues or Broad Players Blues.

If none of these lamentations seems to apply, in your present state of woe, read further. The trouble may just happen to be Squeaky Work Bench Blues, City Cell Blues, Bachelor Blues, Careless Love Blues, Big House Blues, Bull Cow Blues, or Poor Stranger Blues.

Some of you might even have a bad case of Reckless Man Blues, Early Morning Blues, Collector Man Blues, House Lady Blues, Sloppy Drunk Blues, Lazy Black Snake Blues, Deserted Many Blues, or Walking Blues.

Yesterday was when not only the songs already listed, but more than thirty others, were on sale at New Bern's music stores. If, the younger generation might ask, those were the good old days, how come all them blues songs?

Then as now, of course, a lot of people weren't really happy unless they were somewhat miserable. Take away the aches and pains, real or imagined, from some folks, and they would be hard put to make conversation.

Making a detailed medical report, each and every day, to anyone trapped into listening is dear to the heart of far too many mortals. All of us are guilty at times, such as proclaiming a bad cold that any fool can see you've got.

Some husbands consider it important to enlighten you about the way their wives nag them. There's no news in that. The fellow we want to hear from is the husband whose wife is a rare creature that doesn't nag.

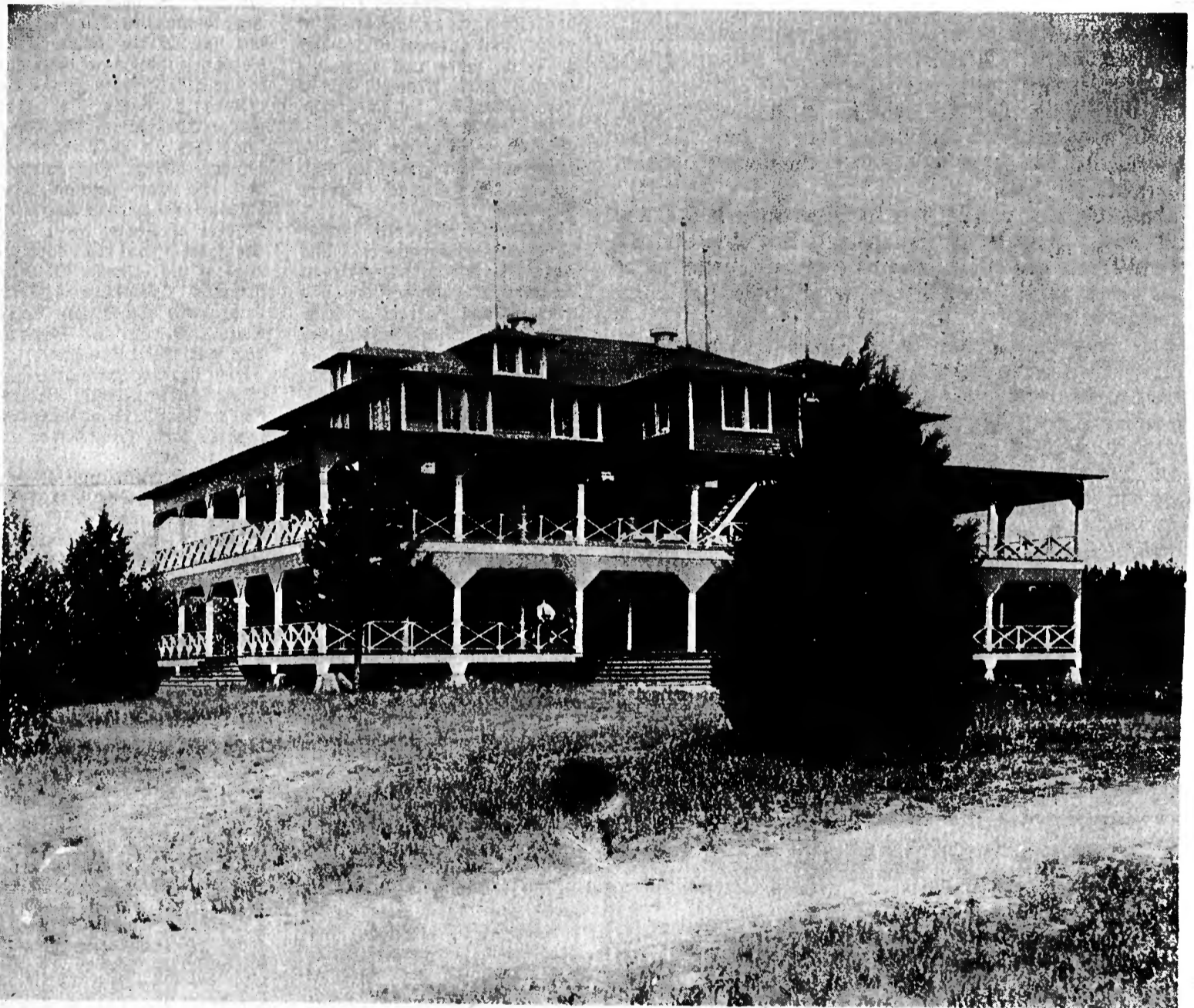
Not that any woman is ever going to admit she is a nagger. Even so, you'll notice they never tell you to read the Ann Landers column on the days Ann unloads on nagging wives.

Maybe it's true that women don't mean to be irritating. Like when their husband is setting the table. If he puts the plates on first, she reminds him of the cups and saucers. Or the silver first, and she reminds him that there aren't any napkins on the table.

One of these nights, a wife is going to wait until her husband has finished setting the table before she takes inventory. If that every happens, he'll be so surprised he'll drop something, so maybe it's just as well.

Actually, not many husbands talk about the way their wives nag, while they're drinking morning coffee with other husbands at a local restaurant. They chicken out over the thought that word will get back to their better half, and then the

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ONCE UPON A TIME—New Bernians who are still on the sunny side of 60 may have heard stories of the spacious pavilion that graced Glenburnie Park in the yesteryears, but probably considered it a far fetched tale concocted by senile citizens. You were wrong in your assumption, and this rare photo from the Albert D. Brooks collection proves it. In case you're wondering, those aren't television aerials, they're lightning rods. The rambling frame structure, destroyed by fire, provided ample room for dancers and roller skaters in the long ago. It was here that Leo Watson, a home town baritone,

set feminine hearts to palpitating madly with his splendid renditions of "Yearning" and other early Irving Berlin favorites. Like all of King Watson's sons, Leo could do a lot with a tune. Glenburnie, as pretty then as it is today, attracted a steady flow of people bent on having a good time. Many a romance was spawned there, and we can hear a lot of you folks who are gazing at this picture saying, "Yes, I remember." As we've admitted before, the old days were less than perfect, but they had their bright moments.

